



Vol. 4 No. 1

25 cents

MAY

The Drake....



....because

Open Letter To A Freshman

I thoroughly expect that by the time my little epistle reaches you, you will already have been welcomed to campus countless thousands of times by as many assistant deans, janitors, and various groups of do-gooders. You are probably sitting there smugly awaiting me to re-echo their sentiments. You could not possibly be more wrong. I am not going to welcome you here simply because I did not invite you here and personally I'd much have rathered that you hadn't come at all. I hate crowds.

I hope that you have not already shred this paper to an unreadable pulp because now I intend to add insult to injury: I'm going to advise you. I know, I know, you have already been advised numerous times on how to avoid the evils of campus life, but I'm going to tell you how to find the evils of campus life. Bless your pointed little heads I thought you'd like that!

The University of Massachusetts is the easiest place in the world to find something at which to laugh, but I don't have to tell you that, you've already eaten your first meal here. Don't tell me you actually believed those students running around campus collecting bugs were doing it for class? Ha! A well-padded grasshopper brings fifteen cents!

In the line of campus publications you've already seen YA-HOO, the campus humor magazine, and the *Quarterly*, the other campus humor magazine? Then there's the *Collegian* ("All The News That No One Else Seems To Care About Printing"), and I understand there's also some sort of an annual book called the *Index*, however I'm only a Junior so naturally I've never seen one. But the Class of '37 received theirs recently and I understand they were highly pleased.

Oh, and before I forget, do any of you need money? If so, my advice is to steal, it's relatively easy you know. But should there be those among you who prefer to work for a just wage, ha! Gentlemen, I say ha! Do you know what University workers are paid? Well, I'll give you a hint: better you should pick cotton. Of course there's the Student Union where you only have to punch out for a prolonged break, like a sneeze, but then again some people like fish-heads and rice.

Have you said "hello" to the campus police whom you occasionally see shooting your fellow students? Or parked in front of the Union waiting for someone to bicycle by too fast? (I've always wanted to tie a long chain around Machmer and quietly fix the ends of it to the cruiser's bumper; then I would bomb by in a cloud of dust and listen for the sickening lurch, but I'm not normal anyway).

What about the new year-round program where you can attend classes 12 months a year and graduate several months earlier even when you figure in the nervous breakdowns? Progress is our most important product.

And then there'll be fraternities and sororities and independents. The fraternity man is the dapper-looking soul standing with pipe in mouth talking to the independent who is cowering at a Union side table. The fraternity man is asking him for a loan.

But this is our beloved campus. Unfortunately at present it is being ruined by improvements, but capable officials assure us that one day it will be a sight of which our descendants can justly be proud. Well what did you expect for fifty bucks a semester, Harvard?



THE DUKE
of
PHROUGHNOUGH

says:

"WON'T YOU COME LIVE IN OUR CASTLE THIS SUMMER?"

"Phroughnough Castle has a long tradition," says the Duke. "More well-known English kings have been assassinated in Phroughnough than in any other English castle."

"Yes," chimes in the charming Duchess, "many, many English kings have died in Phroughnough."

"Now, in 987," the Duke continues, "Aethelred the Jute was hewn in two by the soldiers of Gundergaard, the Dane, right on the north battlement. They say that at night his ghost still flits to and fro on the ramparts, screaming."

"And in 1167," says the Duchess, "William II was hurled into a vat of boiling pitch, right in the pantry. The pantry's still there, you know, and, if you peer closely enough, you can still make out some pitch-stains on the floor. On alter-

nate Shrove Tuesdays he returns to the pantry and shrieks all night."

"And then there was Edward I, who, in 1345, was sealed alive in the master bedroom and left to starve to death," adds the Duke, chuckling slightly. "And of course there were many, many more. But what they all add up to is: *Tradition*. And now we are offering *you* an opportunity to share in Phroughnough's tradition. For only five thousand pounds, you can come and live with us in Phroughnough Castle this summer. The master bedroom will be yours, together with all the modern conveniences."

"Yes," concurs the charming Duchess. "And don't ever forget that Edward IV was torn apart by dogs in our donjon."

PHROUGHNOUGH CASTLE, 27 Maidenhead Lane, Shropdsdale, Herefordshire, England

Massachusetts Y-A-HOO



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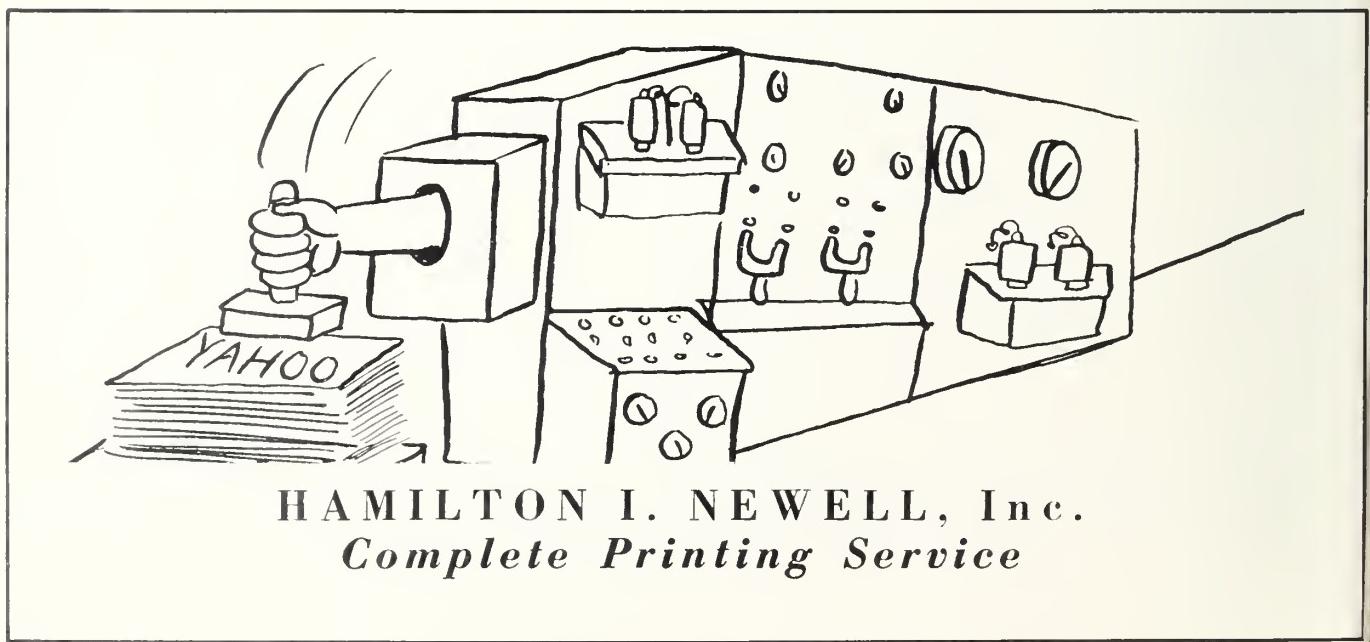
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The Medic(al)

(Soft strains of "Blue Star")

Announcer: Tonight, we have another in our series of dramatized case histories for you. "The Story of Colic R. Plasma: A Boy in Search of Health." Our scene is a college infirmary. The door to the left of the nurse reading the comic book opens, admitting Colic: A Boy in Search of Health.

Colic: Good Morning, I have a sore throat and I . . .

Nurse: Well come in, don't just stand there contaminating the threshold! Sign this! Hurry! Hurry! (flourishing book) Charlie Brown is performing an autopsy on Snoopy!

Colic: But . . . all I want is . . .

Nurse: Leprosy! Maybe you've got Leprosy! I've never seen a real case of Leprosy before! Here, hold this live coal!

Colic: YAAAAA!

Nurse: Damn. It's not Leprosy.

(Enter helper dragging sack of multi-colored aspirin)

Helper: What color pills shall we hand out this month?

Nurse: How about blue? That's a nice October color.

Helper: Blue it shall be . . . (indicating Colic) What's he jumping around for?

Nurse: Burned his hand somehow.

Helper: Look! There's a blue mark on his palm!

Nurse: I knew it was Leprosy! (screams hysterically) Hahaha! My first case of . . . (Helper drags her out numbling incoherently.)

(Enter Doctor)

Doctor: (mumbling) How do they



expect me to discover Eternal Life with all these interruptions every . . . (notices Colic) Well! What's bothering you today? ROTC? Phys Ed? All-Campus Sticker? (laughs hysterically) I know your type! You're just like all the rest! You really don't like my pills, my needles, my leeches . . . you're a shirker! I hate you! (goes for Colic's throat).

(Enter helper)

Helper: No, no, Doctor Lugosi! Control yourself! He's just after an . . .

Doctor: (turning on helper) Don't say that word! You know it infuri-

ates me! "Excuse" (he spits) is a dead word around here! (to Colic) Come into my office!

Helper: No Doctor! Too many have disappeared already this month! They'll suspect!

Doctor: (to Colic in fatherly tone) Wouldn't you like to live forever?

Colic: It's just my throat . . . I could come back . . .

Doctor: What about that horrible gash on your face?

Colic: Gash? (looking in mirror) That's my mouth!

Doctor: (adjusting glasses) So it is, so it is. Here (hands pills) take these.

Colic: What are they?

Doctor: Questions! Questions! That's all I get around here! They're free, aren't they? Take them, they're good! Pills are Power!

Nurse: (interrupting) Doctor, Red just got another one.

Doctor: Pliers are in the left hand drawer, save the lead for me.

Nurse: (continuing) And there's some boy clawing at the door . . .

Doctor: Throw the faker out! Wait! (fatherly tone again) Maybe he'd like to live forever. (Colic leaves by window as Doctor starts for door) (Enter Janitor dragging oblong box)

Janitor: Hey, doc, what shall I do with these suppositories?

Doctor: (stops) All my life I've been waiting for someone to ask me that! Take them and . . . ("Blue Star" breaks in unexpectedly and gradually fades away . . .

Jack Pasanen
Ed McManus

To A Pseudo



Fads come and go here as quickly as students. Unimportant idiots suddenly become known to the other idiots, if they are one of the first to do anything new. There is something new on campus, and now is the time for you nothings to act. "Pseudo-intellectualism" is what it's called. It sounds impressive, but it's only a fancy name for the fine art of being an intelligent phony. If you wish to pursue this endeavor, read on, but keep a dictionary handy. That will give you simpletons an even chance of understanding what is said. If not, read on anyway.

The first step is to develop a superior attitude toward everyone and everything. Walk with your head in the clouds, oblivious to everything (even the one or two pretty girls on this campus). Of course there are easier, and more obvious ways such as growing a pink beard, going naked, or even going to classes, but we must play the part, mustn't we?

Today's pseudo must know something, very little actually, of art, literature, and music. Numerous methods are open to you to acquire this knowledge, but the simplest and most effective ways are through "Classic Comics" for literature, "Rock and Roll Review" for music, and some type of pornography for art. You lazy degenerates will have to sacrifice a few of dad's hard earned dollars, but it will be well worth it. One thing must always be kept in that mass of tissue you call a mind. Make sure you know the correct pronunciation of every name you use. It may be wise to ignore the difficult ones like Malinowski, Dostoyevsky, Berrios, and Keogh and confine yourself to the simple ones like Joyce, James, Mozart, and Disney.

Like your minds this is relatively

basic and simple. In the final analysis it's the fine points which make the successful phony. You must learn to develop a complete unawareness to the value of money. For most of you peasants this will be very easy especially after you purchase your Austin-Healy or equivalent which is an absolute necessity.

Reading must become an intricate part of your character. It is not necessary that you do any actual reading, but it is necessary to give that impression. If your minds are in a dither about what books to carry, go to a library (remember I said library—not Goodell) and search for the oldest, dustiest, and decayed book you can find. Most of these books are fairly heavy and most of you are fairly weak, but don't worry there is an alternative—magazines. These are very light, easy to carry, and most important of all conspicuous. *Saturday Review* is excellent, but for novices I'd recommend the *New Yorker*. It has more pictures. You must never read *Yahoo* again. It is below you. Be seen carrying the *Quarterly*, and when asked about it rave about its fine quality. The question which is probably in your minds is "what about *Playboy*, *Nugget*, and the like?" The answer is no, no, no, no. Not in public anyway. Read them in the confines of a locked room. Most of you do anyway.

There are a few basic expressions which you must learn. If you can't remember them, make a crib sheet. "Bourgeoisie" should be used over and over again. Everything is bourgeoisie—the Drake, exams, beer parties, etc., etc., et. al. Any time you become annoyed with anyone or anything your line is "the damn masses". Damn is the strongest word you can ever use. Pseudos never swear, almost never. When asked an opinion just grunt as you do when speaking to a professor.

It's very effective and you can't be quoted. Once you have mastered these, try a few foreign phrases. A few of the easier ones are: Pièce de Résistance, Hors de combat, Purie mongale.

If you are to pursue this trail any further, you must learn to despise motion pictures, spend five minutes every day repeating to yourself "Movies are a cheap imitation of the theatre," and when someone mentions a movie, say "Movies are a cheap imitation of the theatre," and when asked to go say "Movies are a cheap imitation of the theatre."

However, I know that most of you dull witted people are quite fond of movies, which are "a cheap imitation of the theatre." If you must go, you must, but don't be seen by your public. When you do go, go to Northampton, Greenfield, or Albany. You can tell everyone you're attending a lecture at Smith on "The Social Significance of College Professors as Leaders in the Field of Higher Education in the Colleges and Universities of the World in an Era of Tension Filled With Anxiety and People," or "Thermodynamics Among Siblings in the Lower Middle Class of the Agrarian Southeast Between the Ages of Four." Besides, the popcorn is terrible in Amherst.

There are numerous other points regarding arts and music which are prerequisites for becoming a true pseudo, but I doubt with all sincerity that your childish minds could comprehend all of this at one sitting. In lieu of this I will save them for the next issue. Oh! I almost forgot; you can't read this magazine anymore. Well, look for them in the next issue of the Mugbook. Until then my favorite idiots, Good-bye!

Satch, with an assist from
George Bernard Farquard

An old lady was sitting in her rocking chair knitting, her Persian cat reclining at her feet.

Suddenly a fairy appeared and asked the old lady if there were anything she wished. "Yes," was the reply. "I would like to be a beautiful young woman again."

The fairy waved her hand—and there she stood, a lovely girl of twenty! "Now," asked the fairy, "is there any other wish you would like granted?"

"Oh yes, I would like a handsome young man."

Turning to the cat, the fairy waved her wand. In its place rose a fine looking youth. He looked sadly at the girl and sighed, "Now aren't you sorry you took me to the vet?"

Origin of the Charleston: A Scotchman trying to pick the lock on a pay toilet.

Knock, knock.

VOICE OUTSIDE GATES: "It is I."

ST. PETER: "Go to Hell. We have enough English Majors in here now."

"Mrs. Jones, I'm afraid your son is spoiled."

"He is not, Mr. Smith, and I resent your saying such a thing."

"Well, have it your way, but come and see what the steamroller did to him."

Returning from the tropics, the elderly lady brought back her two pet monkeys. The trip proved too much for the male, and he passed on two days out of port. Within the week he was joined by his mate. Wishing to keep them, the woman took them to a taxidermist.

"Would you like them mounted?" he inquired.

"Oh no," replied the lady. "Just holding hands."

"When I was a girl two men fought with guns to see which one would get me."

"Indeed, and what happened?"

"One got me in the leg, and the other in the shoulder."



"Wow—Tracks!"



"Watch it! Here comes the housemother!"

A Texan in a bar up North was telling how tough Texans were. "What about those big Rattlesnakes?" asked a Damnyankee.

"Well now, if they bite on the arm you take a knife, cut across the bite, suck out the poison and spit it out on the ground."

"What if one bites from the rear?"

"Well now, that's when you find out who your friends are."

You heard about the retired professor who married a nineteen-year-old and died on his honeymoon. It took the mortician three days to get the smile off his face.

"May I take you home? I like to take experienced girls home."

"I'm not experienced."

"You're not home yet, either."

The lumber camp foreman put a newly hired country boy to work stacking wood beside the whizzing circular saw. As he started to walk away, he heard an "Ouch!" and turned to see the country boy looking puzzledly at a stump of a finger. Rushing back, he asked what happened.

"I dunno," said the boy, "I stuck my hand out like this and, -- well I'll be damned, there goes another one."

First Korean Vet: "And there we were on top of that shell-torn hill, fighting for our very lives, odds 200 to one."

Second Korean Vet: "Boy, that must have been rough."

First Korean Vet: "You said it! That was the meanest Chinaman we ever saw."

Danny: "I was a 90-pound weakling and whenever I went to the beach a 220-pound bully kicked sand in my face. So I took this course I read about and, sure enough, in a little while I weighed 220 pounds."

Del: "Then what?"

Danny: "I went to the beach and a 440-pound bully kicked sand in my face."

Two students in Europe became separated from their guided tour and before they realized what they were doing, became lost in a snow bank in the Swiss Alps. They waited for rescue all afternoon, shivering in the blizzard, and were overjoyed to see the traditional St. Bernard coming around the bend to save them.

"Thank the Lord," shouted one, there's man's best friend!"

"And will you look at that big dog," the other said.

Specialty
Shop



We sell
Everything!!



I'M NOT "LION"
WHEN I SAY,

THOSE WHO
KNOW

BUY AT :

**CLIFF
ALLEN'S**



APPERSON

THE EIGHT WITH EIGHTY LESS PARTS

Drive an Apperson first—then decide

APPERSON BROS. AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, KOKOMO, IND.
Export Dept.: One Hundred West Fifty-Seventh Street, New York City

The Apperson is one of the few fine cars built complete in one plant. The Apperson ideal is thus carried out to the smallest detail.



Apperson bounds in high from 1 mile an hour to 40 in 20 seconds. From a 40-mile speed comes to a dead stop in 4 seconds. Turns in 38½ feet.



Almost any "eight" is a good performer. For the multi-cylinder principle operates like running oil—smoothly and silently. BUT this motor, while possessing all the virtues of the Eight, operates with the thrift of the Four.

It's all in the design. Eighty parts have been eliminated. Some models even come without motors.

But they can coast like hell.

The improved motor is two small, simple Fours merged into one crenshaw intercrock-olis at the base.

Result! A rare combination of Eight smoothness with the advantage of Four economy.

No so-called "power-windows" to get out of order!

No frustrating "power-seats"!

No old-fashioned automatic transmissions!

Just *simplicity*.





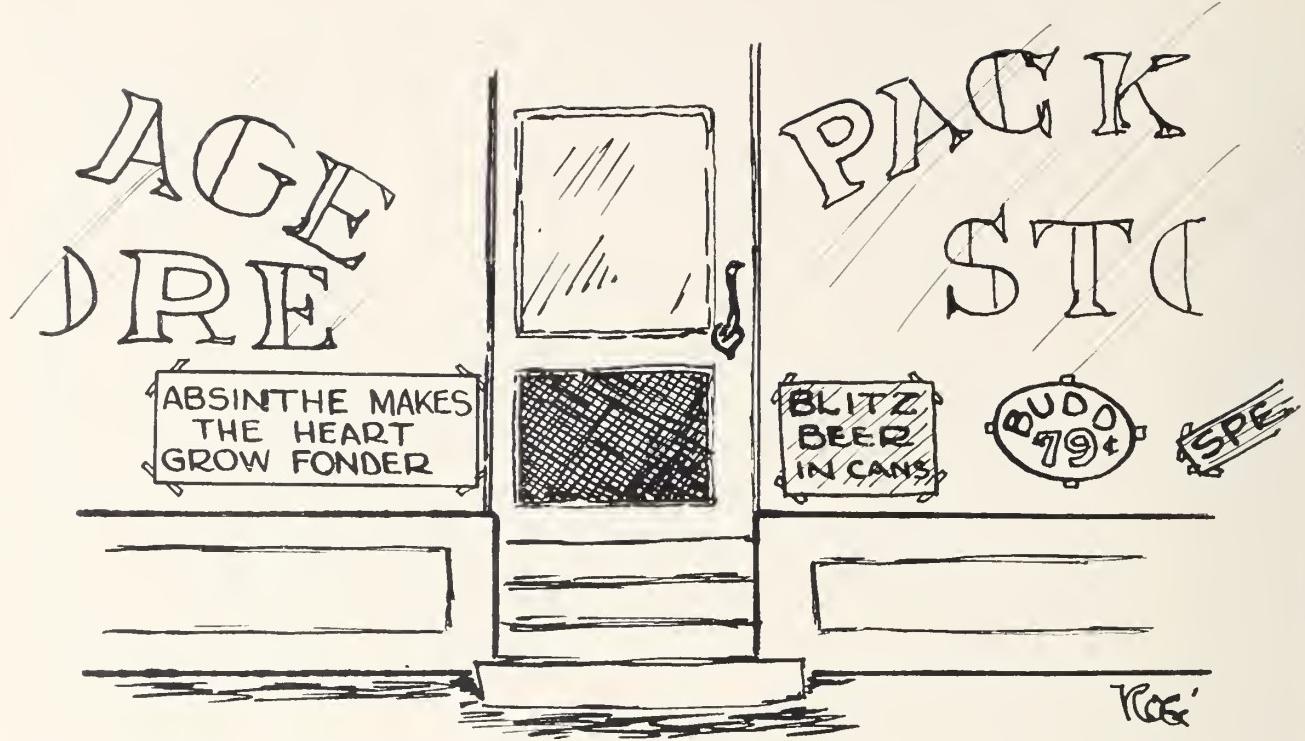
The latest acquisition of property by the University of Massachusetts is Miss Sue Warford, a freshman Lib. Arts major from Reading. Currently a resident of Thatcher, Sue spends her summers at a ranch in Nevada where she indulges in her favorite outdoor activities including riding, swimming, and so forth. We hear Sue thinks UM is pretty great, and confidentially, we don't think she's so bad herself.

—Bob Haskins



YA-HOO QUEEN





Rumor has it that manufacturers of a certain feminine garment are currently making only three kinds: The Russian type, the Salvation Army type, and the American type. The function of the Russian type is to uplift the masses, the Salvation Army type to raise the fallen, and the American type to make mountains out of mole hills.

Men seldom make passes in eight o'clock classes.

Two fish on a Sunday's swim down the English channel were suddenly blacked out by a tremendous shadow. They were relieved to discover that it was only the Queen Mary's bottom."

Said Archie, in an awesome tone, "God save the King!"

"Did you follow my advice about kissing women when they least expect it?"

"Oh hell," said the fellow with the swollen eye, "I thought you said 'where'."

Grandma Jones had lived alone in her spinster's cottage for many, many years. She seldom ventured further than the front gate and that was only to get mail. She seemed, however, to enjoy her life of solitude.

'But how do you stand the everlasting' silence, Grandma?' asked one of her neighbors one day.

Grandma looked fondly at two kittens that were playing with a ball of twine on the floor. "Oh," she said with a playful gleam in her eye, "when it gets so quiet that I can't stand it any longer, I just kick hell out of one of the cats."

A robber was holding up a Pullman car. "Out with the cash or I'll kill all the men and molest the women!"

An elderly man said indignantly: "You shall not touch the ladies."

Just then an old maid in an upper berth yelled out: "You leave him alone—he's robbing this train."

Blessed are the censors, for they shall inhibit the earth.

A Newly married soldier wrote the following letter to his wife—"Come down next Saturday if you possibly can. I'm short of cash, so please bring \$10 with you. (P.S. If you can't come, send \$12.)"

Two hillbillies who had never been on a train before had been drafted and were on their way to camp. A food merchant came through the train selling bananas. The two mountaineers had never seen bananas and each bought one. As one man bit into his the train entered a tunnel. His voice came to his companion in the darkness:

"Jed, have you eaten yours yet?"

"Not yet," answered Jed, "Why?"

"Well, don't touch it. I've taken one bite and gone blind."

Coolest record out features Christine on one side, and Liberace on the other. The selections are—"There's Been a Change in Me" and "He's Funny That Way."

The undertaker regarded the deceased in the coffin with severe disapproval, for the wig persisted in slipping back and revealing a perfectly bald pate. He addressed the widow in that cheerfully melancholy tone which is characteristic of undertakers during their professional public performance:

"Have you any glue?"

The widow wiped her eyes perfunctorily, and said that she had.

"Shall I heat it?" she asked. The undertaker nodded gloomily, and the widow departed on her errand. Presently, she returned with the glue pot.

But the undertaker shook his head, and regarded her with the gently sad smile to which undertakers are addicted, as he whispered solemnly,

"I found a tack."

King Arthur: I hear you have been misbehaving.

Knight of the Round Table: In what manor, sir?

An office girl went into her accustomed self-service restaurant on her lunch hour and found all the tables taken. Finally she sat down at a table with a very proper and dignified old lady. They ate silently, exchanging not a word until the office girl finished and lit up a cigarette.

The old lady gasped "I'd rather commit adultery than be seen smoking in public," she said indignantly.

The office girl nodded, "So would I," she admitted, "but I only have half an hour for lunch."



Owen R. Dorf asks:

Does DuPont hire men who have definite speech impediments?



Goodman answers:

Why yeth indeed, Owen uth plain folk down here in Wilmington thure do hire men with definite thpeech impedimenth. We hire juth about anybody that hanngth hith brainth from hith belt. We have a lot of

Owen R. Dorf, Jr., expects to receive his B.S. in Arithmetic from the Homer Free Academy in June, 1957. He is now head of the education committee of the local chapter of

Tau Beta Phi, and is considered an all-around good guy by his teachers. Owen's question is meshing at this very moment in the gears of many engineers planning a technical career.

fun with them. We all have fun down here at DuPont whether we have definite thpeech impedimenth or juth do not know any worth. We thpend long hourth juth rolling in rubber thement and thrashing our happy heelth in the air and we play

loth of great mathematical gamth that you would probably like with your background of arithmetic. We would thay definitely to try and thignal to thomeone even if you find it impothible to talk to them. We like you ath you are.

SIMPLEX Theftproof AUTO LOCKS



Simplex Theftproof Auto Lock as it looks installed

Got a car on campus?

The Highway Grille & Central Restaurant



Won't You Try?



HASTINGS
Paper Supplies





we'll see you around the Pampas!

Just heard about the mad scientist who crossed a Parakeet with a Tiger. Doesn't know what he's got, but when it sings he listens.

A girl was telling a boy friend that she realized she was very popular, but she didn't know why.

"Do you suppose it's my complexion?" she asked.

"No."

"My figure?"

"No."

"My personality?"

"No."

"I give up."

"That's it."

I was weekending with an Englishman and his wife. Entirely by accident I happened upon the Englishman's wife in her bath. Making a hurried retreat, I immediately sought my host who was reading in his room, and proffered an apology. He brought his head up and out of his book and replied most phlegmatically—"Skinny old thing, isn't she?"

"Honey, I think the boys at the office think I'm queer." "Honey, I said I think the boys at the office think I'm queer. Honey, this is the third time I've told you the boys at the office think I'm queer. Ralph! Are you listening?"

Then there was the story of the husband who surprised his wife with another man. The wife tried to explain.

"When you were out of work," she said, "who do you think paid the bills? And that diamond ring I bought for your birthday, who do you think paid for that? And the time I needed that money for an operation, where do you think I got it?"

The husband looked puzzled for a moment. Then with a grand gesture, he spoke to his wife, "'Cover him up,'" he shouted, "Do you want him to catch a cold?"

Why is the C-Store like a winning football team?

Because both have left our campus forever.

Papa Stork: "What a busy day. I delivered 300 babies."

Mama Stork: "You think you were busy, I delivered 400 babies."

Baby Stork: "Well I'm not old enough to deliver babies like you grownups, but I scared the hell out of a couple of high school kids."

Why is Dean Hopkins like President Mather?

Because neither of them can ever bear twins.

Johnny and Mary were walking along the edge of a deep chasm with their Mother when the poor soul tripped and fell headlong into the abyss.

Said Johnny: "Mother hath fallen into the dark abith."

Chimed Mary: "Oh don't make me laugh, you know my lipth are chapped."



Why is Santa Claus like a mouse?

Because both of them have long white beards—except for the mouse.

"No," said the virtuous centipede,
"a hundred times no."

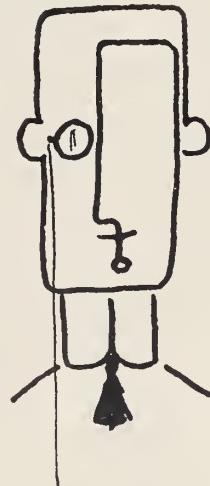
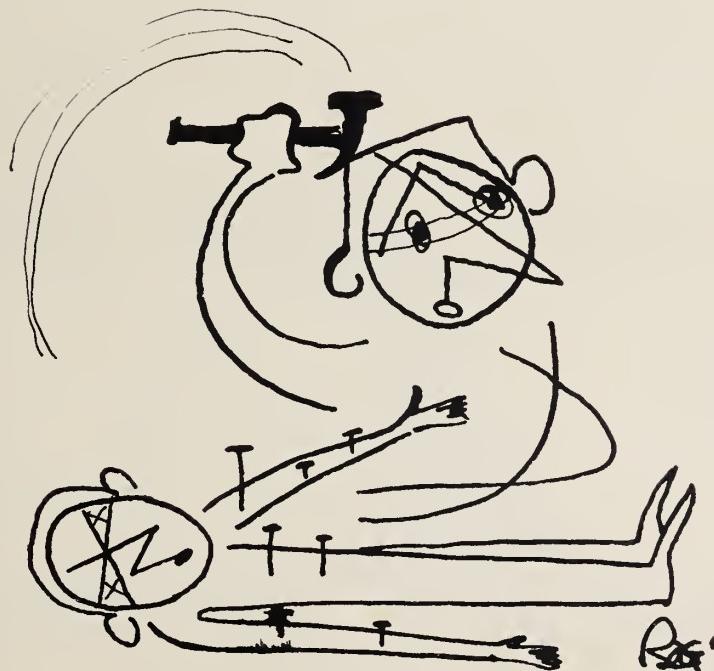
Why is *Yahoo* like the *Quarterly*?

Because both of them are fine publications except for—

She smiled coyly, and he looked at her intently. After a moment he said: "Smile like that again please." She did, and added an expectant wink. "Just as I thought," he said, "You look just like a chipmunk."

Why is a cumquot like an alligator?

Because neither one of them can ever be president.



"It's all right, Daddy, he's dead!"

Mientka-Ripa

Radio Repair Shop



Wisdom: Knowing what to do next.

Skill: Knowing how to do it.

Virtue: Not doing it.

The scene was in the reading room of a large public library. A saintly man was reading birth and death statistics. Suddenly he turned to the man on his right and said, "Do you know that every time I breathe a man dies?"

"Very interesting," replied the stranger. "Why don't you try Sen Sen?"

People who live in glass houses might as well; everybody knows they do.





Scene: A pub in the better part of London; Worthington and Bottomly meet.

"Hello; how are you? What's up?"

"Not much. How are you?"

"Tip-top. Seen any of the chaps?"

"No, not that I remember. Had some word of Chumbly though."

"Oooh, Chumbly? I say, is he still running around with that Martian girl?"

"Heavens no, gave her up a long time ago—'e's taken up with an ape now."

"Taken up with an ape. I say, male or female?"

"Female of course. There's nothing queer about Chumbly."

Conscience doesn't keep you from doing anything wrong: it just keeps you from enjoying it.

He: "Do you know the secret of popularity?"

She: "Yes, but not tonight."

A faith healer ran into an old friend and asked him how things were going.

"Not so good," said the other. "My brother is sick."

"Your brother isn't sick," the healer said, "he just thinks he's sick."

Three months passed before they met again. "How's your brother now?" the healer inquired.

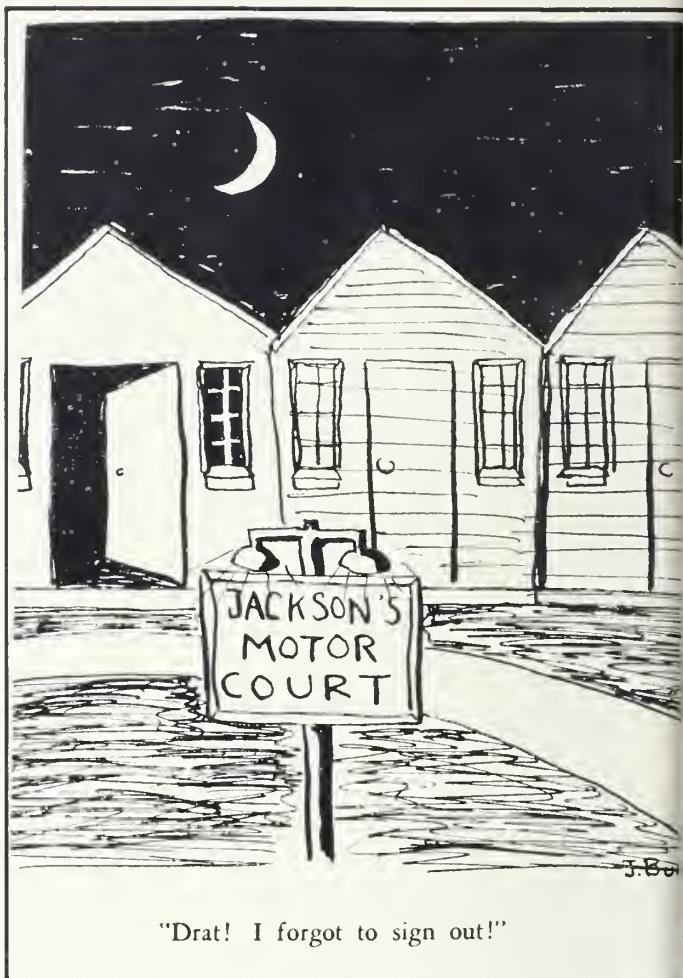
"Worse," groaned his friend. "He thinks he's dead."

Scene in an English Barroom—

Limey: "Allo, Mary. Are you 'aving one?"

Mary: "No, it's just the cut of me coat."





"Drat! I forgot to sign out!"

EVERYONE'S SUBSCRIBING—WHY DON'T YOU?

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WHY NOT TRY



K. L. OSMUN
Watch Shop

Who you shovin?
Dunno—What's your name?

Two lobbyists met at a party in Washington—"How's business?", one asked the other.

"Well, you know how it is," said the other. "This business is like sex. When it's good it's wonderful. When it's bad, it's still pretty good."

A midwestern city held a civil service examination for the position of Athletic Director for its public parks. One question was—"Name 2 ancient sports" To which one applicant soberly answered "Anthony and Cleopatra."

Her: I think dancing makes a girl's feet big, don't you?

He: Yeah.

Her: I think swimming gives a girl awfully large shoulders, don't you?

Him: Yeah.

Pause - - -

Him: You must ride quite a bit, too.

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"Here's to you, may God bless you and keep you. I wish I could afford to."

Here's a scene that took place on a crowded cable car. A young lady is vainly groping for her purse to pay her fare. A young man is standing nearby with anguish written on his handsome features.

Young man: "Pardon me, Miss, but may I pay your fare?"

Young lady: "Sir!"

Young man: "I beg your pardon again, young lady, but won't you let me pay your fare?"

Young lady: "Why, I don't even know you and anyway I'll have this purse open in a minute."

Young man: "I really must insist on paying your fare. You've unbuttoned my pants three times."



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